

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

The Wreath of Pressed Flowers.

TO M. S.

Lady! dost thou still remember
One sweet evening long ago—
It was not in the bleak December,
'Twas a winter's even though,
And full many a ruddy ember
Set the hearthstone in a glow—
When I sat by thee demurely,
Whilst thy face was lit up by
With a rosy blush or so?

It was on that blessed even
Thou didst weave a wreath of flowers—
Faded flowers, that had been given
From the summer's fading bowers—
And to me that wreath was given
Midst that even's golden hours,
And those flowers I fondly cherished,
Though their beauties all had perished
Save their emblematic powers.

'Twas so long ago—I fear me
That thou hast forgotten quite
Of the time when thou wert near me
On that rare and radiant night
But I pray thee deign to hear me
While I tell thee how bright
And how beautiful and golden
Is the place thy gift has holden
In my memory's treasured light.

Still that wreath is in my keeping—
'Tis a tie to time cannot break—
And I dream of it when sleeping,
And I sleep it when awake,
And when silver dews are weeping
From the sky's cerulean lake,
They remind me of the shivers
That revivified those flowers
When they bloomed for thy dear sake.

Though these fragile leaves and slender
Bloom not as they bloomed before,
And though faded is their splendor,
Like the hopes youth ponders o'er;
Yet when thy sweet voice and tender
Seems to greet me as of yore,
I regard my lost treasure
With a pride beyond measure,
As a link of golden lore.

Beautiful flowers are round me springing,
Which my hand might aptly seize;
And the summer time is bringing
Adornments on every breeze—
Sweet as Paradise flowers are blushing
Our thorn's crystal tears;
But the time of efflorescence
Brings to me no flowers whose presence
I fondly love as these!

Cincinnati, July, 1855.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WRONGED HEART.

A Reminiscence of the West.

BY WILL.

DEAR reader, if your affections have been wronged, or your heart has been wronged, by one whom you may have cherished in the inmost recesses of your soul; then lend your attention, while I endeavor to narrate, in as few words as possible, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the trials and sufferings of the wronged heart. Many—very many, we venture to say, will find a truthful picture of their own experience. But to our story.

Passing along, recently, through the fertile but hilly and picturesque county of B. in eastern Ohio, seeking for pleasure and study for fun, frolic, or adventure; I met an old, but valued acquaintance, who, after being absent one year, had just returned from the west. Advancing to meet him, I offered him my hand; at the same time exclaiming, "how are you my old friend, glad to see you!" "Two of us glad," replied he; "and in answer to your question—as well as usual, physically; but sick," laying his hand on his heart.

I was struck with the peculiarity of the looks, tone, and manner of expression of one habitually so calm, mild, and serene; and immediately suspected that something had occurred to mar his peace and happiness; and as it is an innate principle in the human breast, to sympathize with a friend in trouble, I at once asked, what was wrong; and ventured to suggest that he had met with losses—

green, mossy bank, which is so completely overgrown by the thick foliage of those majestic monarchs of the forest, as to shut out almost entirely, the resplendent, and scorching rays of the dazzling God of Day; and if you prove a good, and attentive listener, I will there a tale unfold.

"After my departure from here, in the spring of '54, I traveled westward, and finally halted in the beautiful county of P., in the western part of Illinois. I went into business, and boarded with a family, with whom was residing at the time, a lady—a pure, bright, joyous, beautiful being—such as one seldom sees, in a life time. When introduced to me, she addressed me with that easy dignity and grace, which instantly fixes the attention, wins admiration, and produces those undefinable sensations and feelings, which cannot be described:

"Old there are looks and tones that dart, An instant sunshine through the heart, As if the soul that moment caught, 'Some treasure I through life had sought.' Such were the sensations, that flashed through my mind, as I, for the first time, gazed upon that faultless form, and fair face; and looked into the depths of those mild, calm blue eyes.

I was a stranger, in a land of strangers; and need not tell you, that my heart yearned for the dear companionship of friends. Those, who have left the homes of their childhood, and taken up their abode far, far away from all who are near and dear, alone can tell what a sea of utter loneliness comes over the soul as we reflect, that not one of all those friends around us, have we ever seen before; and perhaps, not one would stoop to wipe the death-damp from the stranger's brow, or brush away a tear.

We were much together—fond of each other's society—and it is not to be wondered at, that as we wandered through the green fields, and flowery valleys, whispering words of encouragement and hope, or culling Nature's choicest flowers; an intimacy sprang up between us, which amounted to something more than mere friendship.

As many a one has been before, I too, was in love—had unsuspectingly given my heart away—and was too happy, because I had every assurance that pure, bright being, who was everything to me, and without which, life seemed useless, and existence, a blank.

"In her society, weeks flew as minutes; vows of love, from both, sealed by the fond embrace, and tender kiss—had been poured again and again, into each others ears—binding our hearts together.

"By that golden evening chain," "Whose strong embrace, holds Heaven, and earth and man." My cup of happiness was almost complete, and I was looking forward with bright anticipations, and high hopes, to the time, when I might press her to my bosom, and breathe the word of love, and the bright morning that hope promised will come; and with all the sweets of Friendship, Love & Truth; to cheer us, and to bless us, and to render happiness complete. Vice, must bring its pang! Virtue, has its reward! The deceiver shall be caught in the net; he who had set for another, whilst those, whose hearts have had truth enshrined within them, shall, in the fullness of time, reap the rewards of truth.

He ceased reading, and remarked, "I know the world is full of vanity, deceit and falsehood; that this deadly compound enters into all the minutiae of life, poisoning the purest fountains of the affections; that when we desire to do right, evil, with her deadly machinations, is ever present, ready to oppose it; but, as for the world, I, I cannot yet persuade myself to believe that any one wearing the human form—unless lost that of an angel of M. J.—can be so lost to all sense of humanity and being; so deeply plunged in the slims, sickening mists of moral degradation and pollution—as to seek to blast the highest hopes, and destroy the happiness, even in this life—our single heart; merely to gratify some foolish whim, or wanton caprice—when the remembrance of that heart made desolate—crushed and ruined—can only bring regrets, and unavailing sorrow: Sad because they cannot be recalled, and unavailing because the wronged object has, perhaps, forever departed."

Then, quired I, you do not believe the lady acted a treacherous part, and deceived you by practising coquetry? "Whether she did, or did not, I freely forgive her for all the errors she may have committed, and all the suffering she has caused me, as I would ask and expect forgiveness from our Heavenly Father, for the error of my ways. If the knowledge of having wronged the heart, and embittered the happiness of one being, who, but too truly loves her, can afford one moment's passing pleasure—or cause one thrill of joy—then is she welcome to all the consolation and contentment, she may reap therefrom. But, if others have been instrumental in blighting and destroying the hopes, joys and happiness, of at least one, if not two, fond hearts; then may God, in His goodness and wisdom, repay them according to their works; for as they mete it out to others, so shall it be measured to them; double, and they who sow the wind, must reap the whirlwind.

It is folly to sit down and sigh over that which cannot be remedied; and spend the prime of manhood in vain and futile regrets. Man has a higher destiny to fulfill—a brighter course to pursue! If he possesses capacities for action, the world has need of him; and he must labor—labor, either with his head or hand—mentally or physically; for

"Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest—Was not spoken of the soul."

Genile reader: here, for the present, ends the history of "The Wronged Heart." We have aimed at truth, rather than fiction; and have sought to inculcate a moral. We are aware that in writing romance to please the general reader, the writer should always bring about a marriage, or a murder, or both; but as romance is not all fiction, we have as yet accomplished neither; but hope some future time to bring about that desired result—a

source of unhappiness to both. At parting, we mutually embraced each other, and each bade me think of her no more—forget her—and try to be happy, with another. Forget her! When the sun forgets to shine—the rivers cease to flow, when the boisterous beams of our bright star of even, shall be withdrawn from this terrestrial ball—and the soft and silvery radiance, of this plan's fair attendant, shall withhold her borrowed light from the habitations of the sons of men—then and not till then, will this heart cease to love; and the spirit may forget! O! how then art from Heaven; and earth cannot dim thy purity. There may be base passions dignified with the name; but how unlike that holy, Heaven-born affection, which is like Pity's tear—so pure, it would not stain an angel's cheek.

During the seven following months, we met some three or four times; but never so much as exchanged salutations. I have written to her several times, but have received no word in return."

My friend, said I, it is my private opinion, you have been the dupe of a deceitful, treacherous, artful Coquette; who, taking advantage of your confiding nature, has paid your cheek, and crushed your heart, that she might add one more soul to the list of her victims. But cheer up; brighter days are before you; one may yet be found, who is worthy of your love.

"Others," said he, "have entertained opinions, similar to yours." "This," continued he, producing a letter, "I received recently from a valued acquaintance, residing in the west, who is conversant with the facts I have narrated; and who is a true friend of hers." He then opened it, and read as follows: "Deception, with her sickly form of coquettish fairness, and blarney, may dance in fantastic gaudiness before us, and may ensnare us in the cup of her poisoned flowers; nay—may even apparently draw the life-blood from about the heart, and set the brain on fire; may plant a dagger in the soul, make reason reel—health decay—and life quail; yet behind these storm-clouds of tempestuous wrongs, and blighted hopes, there is light Celestial! Truth sits enthroned upon her eternal power, with her sisters, fair Friendship and Love, and a thousand graces in their trains, chanting to man, in cadences of melting tenderness,

"Life is real, life is earnest," and pointing us to actions of virtue, and to immortality. Truth sits enshrined in the hearts of thousands; there are many that have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Heart shall yet beat in harmony with thine; feeling shall find its kindred feeling; and thought, its kindred thought. Steel thine arm, and nerve thy heart, and the bright morning that hope promised will come; and with all the sweets of Friendship, Love & Truth; to cheer us, and to bless us, and to render happiness complete. Vice, must bring its pang! Virtue, has its reward! The deceiver shall be caught in the net; he who had set for another, whilst those, whose hearts have had truth enshrined within them, shall, in the fullness of time, reap the rewards of truth.

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wedding—and if so, we will apprise our readers thereof. So mote it be.
COLERAIN O. July 1855.

Yankee Doodle.

FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS.

In the summer of 1849, the British army, under the command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States previous to marching upon Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped, and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their entire appearance, furnish a great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shillbourn, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle, and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words which we take from Farmer & Moore's Historical Collections, published in 1820, we have not, however met with before in any year:

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.
And there was Captain Washington
Upon a shaggy stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.
And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tall and fine,
I wanted peck to get
To give to my Jimmie.

And there they had a sawnup gun
As big as leg of mutton,
On a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a noisier powder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's own peppercorn,
And father went as near again;
I thought the deuce was in him.

And there I saw a little keg,
His hands were made of leather;
They knocked upon with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they had a little keg,
His hands were made of leather;
They knocked upon with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

The troops, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pennies and some ounces
For tobacco cakes to carry home,
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a snoring;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And slipped home to mother.

A Snakery.

We lately heard of a very expressive remark on the subject of Intemperance. The speaker was showing the terrible evils of liquor-slavery upon society. He thought of persons who look at the dangers to which this business is exposing their children; they would not rest till it was entirely abandoned. He gave, in substance, the following curious illustration of a views of these dangers:

"Suppose I should come into this place to go to business. Suppose I should begin to erect a curious-looking building, and put in a great number of drawers and cases with glass tops, etc. By-and-by some one would inquire, 'Stranger, will you please to tell me what this building is for?' 'O, I am going to open a snakery.' 'A what?' 'A snakery. I am going to keep all sorts of snakes—rattle-snakes, copper-heads, etc.; and sell bites, at so much a bite. A rattlesnake bite I shall sell for 64 cents; and a copper-head bite—which will do the work quicker—at a York shilling, etc. And when my snakes get a little cold and torpid, I shall lay them out on the sidewalk in the sun, to warm and revive them. And when our children come along to school, they will like to stop and look at them.' 'A snakery! eh! A snakery!' 'How long do you suppose it would be, before every father and mother, and every good citizen in the place, would give me to understand that I had better make my way out of town with my 'snakery,' as soon as possible!'"

And, young reader, which should you think would be worse, to have a child stung by the deadly fang of one of these snakes, or poisoned by the rattle-snake's cup—which the good Book says, 'At last bethink like a serpent, and sting like a serpent.' If we die from the bite of a serpent, we may not be to blame for it; but if we die from the effects of the rattle-snake's cup, we shall die with guilt upon our souls.

Let us all hope, and labor and pray for a law that shall send to the penitentiary every man that would open upon his snakery, to poison us and our children.—Well-Spring.

There is said to be a sect in the Southern States called the "United Brethren in Christ," who make non-slaveryholding a test of communion. They number seventy thousand communicants, and have churches in Maryland, and Virginia, Kentucky, and other slave States. They also exclude the makers, vendors, and drinkers of ardent spirits, and members of secret societies.—Christian Inquirer.

'Furious furious Punitor.'

(Freely translated, 'men in a rage bite their own noses off.') The percussion-cap, gilt-spangled steatopium of Missouri—the majesty, the captains (slightly few of that low grade) the Colonels (numerous) the Generals (thick as hairs on a dog) and the Major Generals of the highly intelligent and carefully polished society of the trans-Mississippi South West, recently in convention in Lexington, have fully manifested how it is possible for men in a rage to make perfect fools of themselves. Everything was 'tremendous' there, according to the telegraphic report. Southern proceedings are always tremendous. The excitement among the Colonels, Generals, Majors and Captains was tremendous no less than twice. The 'conference' was tremendous. So was the sternness of the session. Everything was tremendous—even the folly, absurdity and childishness of the entire occasion. These were more tremendous than all else.

Think of it now—the stupidity that acts up a great six foot two inch fellow—pompous with a self-assumed or bar-room baptised title of GENERAL—fierce with great whiskers, and a carefully cultivated martial scowl—and actual fires out of him in bomb shell style, an offered Resolution to exclude by taxation the products of Massachusetts from the State of Missouri, for that Massachusetts will not catch Kentucky niggers! Not to talk of the unconstitutionality of such a pro-slavery revenue arrangement, consider its folly. It proposes to stop the supplies of the necessities of life of this very creature, and of his brothers and sisters, and friends and neighbors. Missouri does not manufacture. She has to buy, or go naked and wretched. But all the manufacturing States regard niggers, catching with equal repugnance. General Phoebe, of Missouri, therefore is obliged to exclude all American manufactures from his State. There are British fabrics, to be sure. But England not only refuses to catch slaves, but emancipates all she has power over. So with the French. But France and England are out of the Union, and not bound by the "Compromises of the Constitution." Then comes a difficulty not anticipated by the Generals and Majors of the South West.—The manufacturing States of this Union are the importing States. If Missouri wants Manchester or Birmingham, Lyons or Paris fabrics, she has got to buy them in Philadelphia, New York or Boston. She has not the choice of going to New Orleans for them, nor to Savannah, nor to Charleston. They have lots of slaves there, and a carefully cherished slavery—but no ships, no European trade, and no present visible means of establishing direct European trade. Does not General Phoebe see that his Resolution besides being self-injurious, is impossible of execution? Missouri would become as ragged as Lazarus, and more impoverished than Job, if she undertook to accomplish the policy recommended to her by the epauletted fools recently in Convention at Lexington!

There would have been no harmony in this affair, if some COLONEL, after a hurricane of Missouri eloquence, had not passed through the Convention a Resolution to suppress Free Soil opinions and publications in the Central Slave States. My percussion cap friend, you might as well bag the winds that sweep your State's prairies—as well chasin and hoppel the law of gravitation, as the great law of the consequent freedom of expression adopted. Know thou, military Sir, (hence a non-lacord) that Resolution sows civil war in the South. You are not all of you fools, nor all wedded by actual or imaginary interests to the system of Slavery. There are Colonels and Generals who will think and speak their conviction that unpaid negro labor is the bane of the prosperity of the South, and who will avow their unwillingness to transmit it as the basis of a social economy to their children and their children's children. You Colonels and Generals will come by the ears. You had better be careful how you pass such Resolutions. They are wholly useless, utterly impracticable—but they are dangerous too. They lay the foundations of an Inquisitorial Violence of your own society, which will go far towards a bloody issue of this Slavery question.

The folly of these epaulettes is a harmonious one. It runs through their ideas of Trade, Commerce, Society, Politics, Finance and Law. Slavery is a blessing, not a curse. Yet it is a curse—to be ameliorated by expansion. A natural settlement of a Territory, is by allowing the citizens of a neighboring State to legislate for it. A refusal to allow State officers and State property to be used by the United States Government in its new business of negro-catching, is a declaration of hostility against the CONSTITUTION. [How magnificently Gen. Phoebe of Missouri must have pined up the vocal on that word, when speaking to the resolution!] And then that threat of a dissolution of the Union—the crowning lie and impudent cap-sheat of all slave driving convocations. We wish from the bottom of our hearts that Disunion could be slapped to these people for just two years. Oh how they would sicken of it. Within the first week of its operation, from every Slave State would be seen men hurrying North with portable property. An unending tide of emigration would set in of all people who could clear out with what they had in hand, or could soon reduce to possession. The apprehension of future trouble with the Slaves, would spread such a sense of insecurity as to depopulate the South of her white Mechanics, her landlords of money, her merchants, teachers, small farmers, and all indeed who had not a taste for sleeping in the midst of armed patrols, and pistols under their pillow, and who were not tied down by the ownership of slaves and of agricultural land. Credit would unwillingly and timidly be given to the South, at the North, in London and in Havre. In a word, Disunion would bankrupt and destroy her. We think it would do so to a perfect finish within five years after it commenced making trial of it. But there is not a man

in Missouri that has the least idea of trying it. 'Disunion' is kept to scare Northern Boobies, and arm and equip Northern Dough faces.—Buffalo Democracy.

A Cut at Society.

The following capital articles are extracts from a new work entitled "Our first families, a novel of Philadelphia good society." It hits the nail on the head frequently, and talks right out in meeting.

"Society, with all its grand pretensions, teaches thoroughly but one lesson to her subjects—duplicity. The sum of that 'practical' education, so blindly vaunted by all, is not to purify the heart or the conduct, but to seem to do so; to live, in short, a double life—one for society and one for yourself and your own world of appetites and desires. All that the world requires, either in religion or morals, is conformity, not belief; propriety, not purity. Let a man pay his debts punctually, and he may obtain the money to do so by what devices of extortion, imposition, or deception he pleases—he will stand well with the world, and every one will endorse him; give him an unimpeachable character, though they may know of his hardheartedness, his extortion, his overreaching, his actual dishonesty. Let him fulfill all his conventional obligations—support his family, pay his rent, appear at church or theatre with his wife and daughters, dine at home on Sundays, and exchange merely the ordinary forms of civility with other women—and he will be quoted & pointed at as a model husband and father, though every man and woman of his acquaintance is aware that he keeps a mistress, or gambles like a blacking in secret. Whence proceeds this universal charity among men? Simply from men's universal need of its exercise towards themselves. And the inflexible severity with which the world punishes and pursues those who overstep conventional and openly violate its terms—whence comes that? From the dread lest, if they do not disown such a monster, attention will be awakened to themselves and their own conduct, and then the whole miserable cowardly lie upon which society is conducted be laid bare."

"If you were called upon to make up a delegation of the talent, learning, genius, and virtue of the country, you would no more dream of making your selection from the solid 'aristocracy' than you would think of choosing a representation of our material greatness and wealth from among the men of genius and intellectual or personal distinction. Never were the two elements of material and moral superiority so widely separated as in this country. Our aristocracy, as a general fact, have not even good taste, good breeding or good manners. They dress badly, they speak badly, they eat, drink, and sleep badly. The women, for the most part, have coarse features, flat feet, and vulgar hands. They wear gaudy dresses, they talk loudly, and giggle, and affect false modesty in public; they are fond of slang, scandal, and low language; they are rude and insolent to their inferiors, and mean and oppressive to their domestics. They always take pains to assert themselves, which a truly high-bred person never does, except by the unconscious quietness of his dress, appearance, language, and manner; and they exhaust their lives and fortunes in ridiculous attempts to outdress, outgiggle, outbold, and outshine one another. In a word, that which passes itself off as the aristocracy of this country would be deemed only the snobbery of another. Go to Washington in winter, to Saratoga in summer, or look in at any time at a fashionable hotel or an 'exclusive' party; see the airs, the pretensions, the grimaces; listen to the subjects of conversation, and the tone of voice, the language, and the manner in which they are treated; criticise the dresses, the license of talk among the young men and women, the loud laughing, the squinting and perpetual giggling; study the manners and measure the personal accomplishments of the company and you would think that shavie, yellow plush, and Master James had marshalled forth the hosts of high life below stairs for a grand holiday."

Another Outrage.—A Correspondent of Chicago Democratic Press, writing from Platte county, Missouri, June 30th, relates the following:

I hasten to inform you of another mob in Platte county. The Methodist Church North had an appointment for a quarterly meeting near Farley. The presiding elder, preachers and congregation had assembled and concluded the morning service, and were proceeding, when a mob of about 80 armed men made their appearance. The congregation, it being warm were seated in the shade in front of the house, and the preachers were inside. When Dr. Walker led the mob to the door, where the Rev. Mr. Morris was preaching, and seized him. Mr. Morris drew his revolver and cocked it, when some one caught his arm and took it from him.—The mob then rushed on him, yelling "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" Some in the congregation interceded for him, and after a long parley they consented to let him go under a pledge to leave and not preach any more till they gave him permission. The rest of the preachers ceased during the disturbance, and the congregation broke up and dispersed. The preachers were all armed with revolvers. They are aware of the threat daily made against them. The mob brought fat and feathers and hemp along with them. The excitement is great. These humble and pious ministers of religion will be driven out, and utter lawlessness prevail.

Uncommonly intelligent are the Coroner's juries, in Mississippi. Recently twelve men in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict that "the deceased died from the visitation of God, or some other disease, unknown to the Jury."

The Extent of the Opposition.

Today we conclude the publication of extracts from the Ohio papers on the subject of the nominations made by the Convention of the 13th inst. We have carefully observed the current opinion, and we are now able to say that of about 100 papers in the State opposed to the present administration, all but six are openly and zealously advocating the election of the entire ticket. The following is a list of the noncontents: The Cincinnati Times, Dayton Journal, Cleveland Express, Germantown Locomotive, Gallipolis Journal and Newark Times. Of these, the Cincinnati Times and Cleveland Express are K. N. papers, and were openly and warmly in favor of a nomination by the Order at Cleveland in June. They still think the K. Ns. should make separate nominations. The Dayton Journal does not like Mr. Chase, and is not disposed to run up the Republican ticket. It does not proclaim itself in favor of separate nominations, but occupies the position of an independent grumbler. The Germantown Locomotive is about the same fix. The editor comprises his position to that of a jackass between two piles of thistles; he is not yet sure which he shall conclude to eat. The Gallipolis Journal and Newark Times repudiate the nomination of Mr. Chase, and declare that they will not support him, but we have seen no expression of their disposition to nominate another ticket.

All of these papers are satisfied with the balance of the ticket. They do not propose to disturb them, but they object to Mr. Chase. We submit that the idea of this handful of noncontents overruling the great mass of the Republicans is totally out of the question. They must abide by the decision of their brethren, or be prepared to face the consequences.

In Hamilton county the opposition to Chase will be strongest and most bitter. This was anticipated by both his friends and foes. But there is this counteracting element that will keep these bolters in check. Many of them are merchants and business men. They feel keenly the want of reform in our currency and tax systems. The prosperity, almost the existence of Cincinnati, depends upon securing these reforms. If these men array themselves against the Republican ticket, they effectively cut themselves off from all sympathy with the rest of the State. If they accomplish anything by their proposed movements, they will only succeed in dividing the friends of Reform, and thus effectually defeat what they most desire, by keeping the political power of the State in the hands of the Locooco party. Let them be warned in season. The eyes of the people are upon them, and any effort of theirs to defeat the Republican cause will not be forgotten in the hour of our triumph.

The cause of freedom and reform is in good hands, and it is destined to triumph. Public opinion, with great unanimity, is with us. A few short-sighted, misguided men, may bolt Mr. Chase, but he can spare all such and will be elected by fifty thousand majority.—Journal.

"The Old Woman."

It was thus a few days since, we heard a striding of sixteen designating the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the same. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her sure passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers: trials untold and unknown save to God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now, in her old age, her duty done patiently awaiting her appointed time, she stands more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving that he who has slain his thousands or stood triumphant upon the proud field of victory.

Young man speak kindly to your mother, and even courteous to her. But a little time and ye shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls gravely. Others may love you when she has passed away; kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom of all the world you chose for a partner, she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love you fondly; but never again, never, while time is yours shall the love of a woman be to you as that of your old, trembling mother has been.

In agony she bore you! through piling, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your protection and support; in wayward and touchy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtlessness and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was to bathe your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wailing, nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Though reckless and impatient youth, she is your counselor and savior.—Up to bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets. Speak gently then, and reverently of your mother, and when you too shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for others, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to the "old woman."